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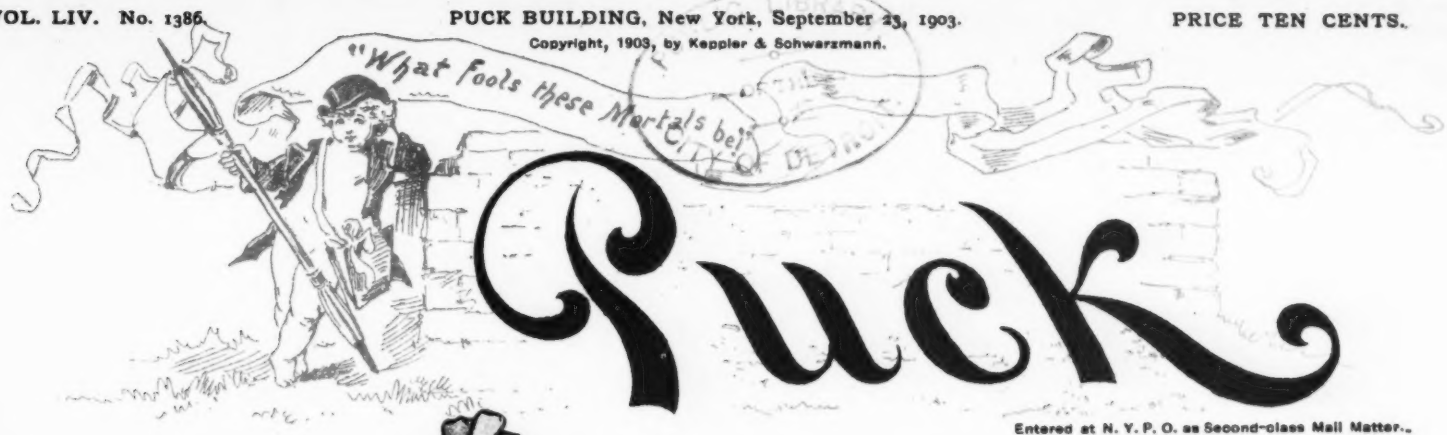


Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

"There is no more loyal Britisher than myself; but I can't close my eyes to one thing, and that is we are a decaying nation, commercially, as compared to your country, and the United States is the greatest country on the face of the earth to-day."—*Speech of Sir Thomas Lipton.*

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

"The editor of the *Plaindealer* is an enterprisin' feller, all right enough!" said the loquacious landlord of the Pettyville tavern, in his accustomed philo-pessimistic way. "Just week before last, he tried to sell the Inter-Oceanic Railroad to J. Pierpont Morgan, without the knowledge or consent of either party."

POSTED.

ISAACS.—Dey haf hard lessons in dot school vere Ikey goes Vun of der examination quvestions vos, "Shtate der brincipal railroads uv der United Shtates undt tell vot you know apoud each."

COHENSTEIN.—Vot vos Ikey's answer to dot?

ISAACS.—He told dem choost vot der shtock of each vun is vorth.

CLEOPATRA had just dispatched a servant for the fatal serpent.

"Whatever you do," she cautioned, "don't get a copperhead. I don't think it would match my Titian tresses."

This matter disposed of, she went on calmly with the rest of the details.

OPTIMISM PERSONIFIED.

FARMER JONES.—Any luck, Jeff?

JEFFERSON JOHNSING.—Best I ebeh had, Mistah Jones; I jes' come wifin an ace-spot ob shootin' one ob youah tame tuhkeys in mistake!

THE OLD "HOOT" OWL.

De ol' owl am callin', mah lil, lil boy,
En he ketch lil chillun, he do;
So drop yo' ol' spool en yo' cohncob toy
En cum to mah apron ob blue.
Cum hide yo' lil haid en yo' wee toes cute,
De ol' owl he fin' yo' Ah say;
He cry—
"Hoot! Hoot!
To who!
Hoot! Hoot!"
En he take lil chillun away.

De ol' owl am cummin', mah lil, lil chap,
He rustles dem green window vines;
But he dasn't take yo' fum brac mam's lap,
So he sail back agin to de pines.
He perch on de limb or de ol' snag root
En down in de lowlands he stay;
He cry—
"Hoot! Hoot!
To who!
Hoot! Hoot!"
Till de stahs in de Eas' am gray.

Victor A. Hermann.

THE LATEST.

TOM.—Jerrold's just had a new attachment put on his touring-car!

TESSIE.—That so; what is it for?

TOM.—Debt.

DOUBLY ROUGH.

THE LITTLE GIRL.—What a funny looking two-headed giant!
THE LITTLE BOY.—Is n't he? I 'll bet he hated to have his hair combed.

AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE.

REUBEN.—Oh, yes; the bunco feller said: "The farmer's life 's the life fer me."

JUDSON.—Aw, the raskil! What did you do?

REUBEN.—Well, I thought if that was the way he felt about it I 'd ruther he 'd take my money.

A WET HEN.

THE FOX.—Great Cyclones! Madam, you have a terrible temper! I 'd awfully hate to be around when you get caught in the rain!

HIS APPREHENSION.

"Tunked if that 'ere hired man o' mine ain't the most worthless, shuckless, triflin' critter on top o' sod!" growled honest Farmer Bentover, savagely. "Why,—ram him!—he read, last week, that the length of the day on earth is increasin', owin' to the constantly augmented size of the world b'cuz of the deposits of meteors, and such like, on it; and ever since, even though the article plainly stated that the change is so slight that it takes about ten million years to add half a second to the length of a day, vummed if he ain't been complainin' dismally about the prospect of his havin' to work longer for the same pay!"

INEFFECTUAL WOOING.

"He 's courting death, eating a second lobster."

"He 'll live."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes; if death cares anything at all about table manners."

BUT THE reputation of a stiff is about as easy to live up to as any.

OLD HUNDRED would be a more popular tune in some places if it were discounted ten per cent.

SOMETIMES we are disagreeable just to show people how much we think we ought to feel annoyed.

TURN ABOUT.

"You've kept the audience waiting, Miss Footlights."

"Oh, let them wait! I've had to wait long enough for a chance to keep them waiting!"

Experience teaches, but some of the pupils act as if they had been paying undue attention to football.

POLITICS.

THERE IS probably nothing in all the world like the profession of politics to ennoble the mind, to elevate the thoughts, to inculcate philanthrophy and instil the lofty principles of patriotism. By the operation of politics all the baser passions are purged and burned away. Politics not only submerges the ego, but it holds its head under water till it is as dead as a mackerel. As dead as a mackerel would be under similar circumstances.

I often wonder about the nobleness of politicians — especially when I am paying my taxes.

Politicians simply exude virtue. Suppose they are politicians of the country at large: they pine to see a dredge at work in every silver creek, and a mudscow sailing out of every harbor. They are wretched unless the country has a post-office system which will overhaul the fugitive and deliver to him a priceless seed catalogue on the top of Pike's Peak; and if they see their shining land devoid of a rural free delivery system to its ultimate limits maribusque weed-patch they can not be comforted. They are miserable unless our own sails whiten every sea, coming in at proper intervals for new ballast and to draw their subsidies; and they yearn to conduct the telegraph and the railroads at a loss, so that the people may gain untold wealth. They are ever intent on the Country's good and the welfare of the Republic. The *Respublica* is their single thought; the good of the *rei publicæ* is their dream; they love the *rem republicam* with a single love, and they are ever declining that soul-stirring term, invented by the soul-stirrers and mighty grafters of long ago, all up and down the scale. Freedom is their watchword, and they honor the old f-f-lag more than anything but words can tell.

Suppose they are politicians of a single state: then they are not content unless that state is blessed with a poorhouse and an insane asylum in every county, with institutions of learning, commissions of education and boards of pardon. The boards of pardon are for the purpose of getting people out in time to exercise the priceless right of suffrage. They faint with fear unless their state has insurance boards to protect the simple people from irresponsible insurance companies, with medical boards to shield the simple people from unskilled doctors, with pharmacy boards to protect them from unskilled farmers, and it can never again be merry world with them unless their state has warehouse boards, and railroad boards and canal boards, and highway commissioners, and more judges, and Canada

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 6.

I.

Hans and his chums went to visit one day
At the House of a neighbor just over the way.

II.

"Provoking!" said Hans, "he is absent. But, ah! —
I 've a notion, my chums; yonder window ajar."

III.

And quick to discover his meaning, the four
Selected this trick from their marvelous store.

IV.

A practical trick and correctly applied,
Till Dackel, the hapless, a hornet espied.

V.

The hornet, approaching, most wantonly stung
The outermost end of the ladder's last rung.

VI.

"Hereafter," quoth Dackel, "'t were well understood
The ladders I act in had best be of wood."

Thistle inspectors and Free Employment Bureaus and a hundred other guards and aids to protect the state from ill and to cause the grand old commonwealth to take its due station in the galaxy of the union and enjoy a yearly round with bankruptcy. And amidst their cares of state they love the starry flag, and hold freedom to be man's dearest boon.

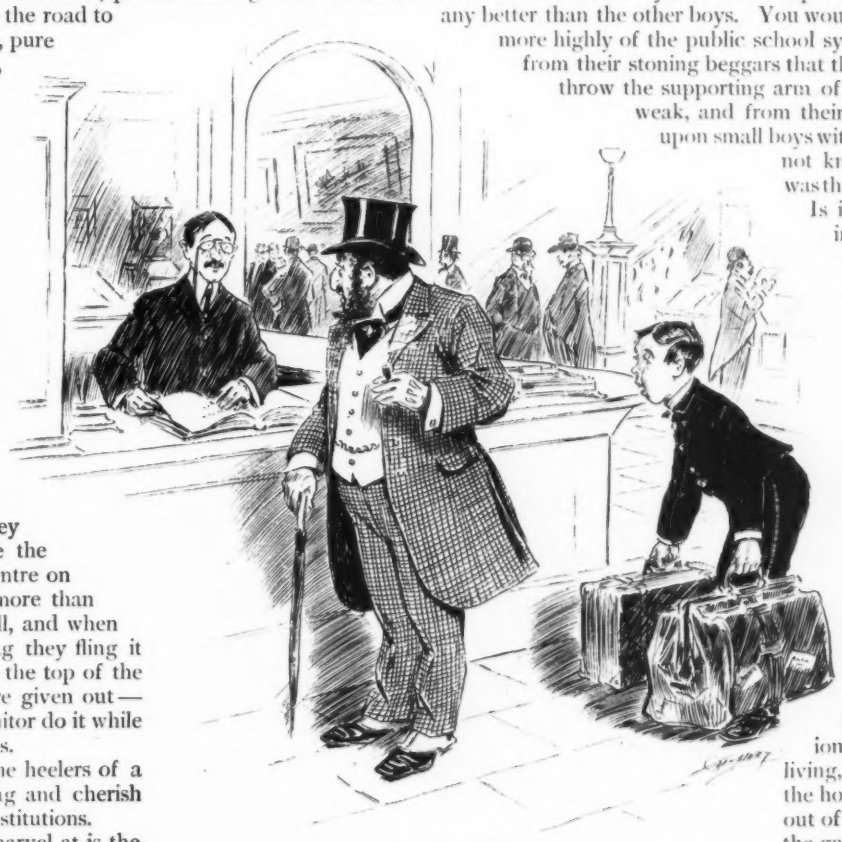
Suppose they are politicians of a single city: then they can not rest unless the city is supplied with sparkling water, unless it is lighted like noonday and paved with chrysolite, unless it has a system of parks like the Elysian Fields, public buildings like castles in the air and boulevards like the road to perdition. They want pure, pure milk and a milk inspector, and honest weights and measures and an inspector of them and there is another job in an inspectorship of oils; and they are miserable in their minds unless the unwary are protected by inspectors of elevators and sidewalks and streets and markets and by a department of health, and they hold education to be the people's priceless fee whereupon they appoint fourteen zebras on the school boards; and amidst their anxieties for their beloved city, which they passionately declare to be the greatest art and railroad centre on earth, they love freedom more than anything but words can tell, and when the people buy them a flag they fling it proudly to the breeze over the top of the building where the jobs are given out—or, rather, they have the janitor do it while they are giving out the jobs.

And if they are only the heelers of a ward they still love the flag and cherish the principles of our free institutions.

But what I especially marvel at is the process of nature by which at the proper time the politicians immediately become endowed with their perfect wisdom and their lofty virtues.

When they are boys at school with the other boys we do not instantly detect the difference between them and the common herd who are doomed to grow up without civic virtues, and to come to man's estate without attaining those powers of judgment which would enable them not only to dispense with guardians themselves but to be guardians for other people. In the school-days there is no distinguishable difference unless perhaps the acute eye may perceive that the coming patriots and philanthropists are a little lazier, a trifle craftier and a shade meaner than the other boys. If you should be with them twenty-four hours a day throughout their adolescence you would not perceive that they loved the flag any better than the other boys. You would not see that they thought more highly of the public school system. You would not know from their stoning beggars that they wished more ardently to throw the supporting arm of the government about the weak, and from their free and frequent assaults upon small boys without big brothers you would not know that their especial care was the unfriended and oppressed. Is it not wonderful, then, that in every country among the new generation growing up, the mass of whom will be content to plug along and earn a living and pay their debts and go to church or stay away, and bring up their families, and if necessary go looking like rag-bags to clothe them, and maintain their rights at their own expense in courts or with their own fists outside, and fight their country's wars, and constantly pay about eight times the taxes they should, there should always be enough individuals of the higher type who will support religion and let others earn their living, and maintain the sanctity of the home and make a good thing out of it, and protect the weak at the general expense, and cherish the principles of our free institutions without its costing them a cent, and spend the taxes and holler for more and love the flag!

Williston Fish.



EVIDENCE.

MR. COHENSTEIN.—You nefer make any special rates?
THE HOTEL CLERK.—No, sir.
MR. COHENSTEIN.—Mein Cracious! I knew dot ven dot feller Hausenheimer said he shtopped here, he vos lying!

Be punctual and, inasmuch as nobody else is punctual, be patient.

CONSCIENCE.

THERE IS a still small voice heard within us at critical intervals, oftentimes disconcerting in its persistent appeal, and extremely annoying in its disregard for our feelings.

How to get rid of it is the problem. There have been, apparently, conspicuous examples of success, but where a man seems to rise above his fellows in this regard, it is always an open question as to whether he had any conscience to begin with.

If he starts out with a good, able-bodied active and healthy conscience, and by unflagging effort and persevering courage succeeds in getting the best of it, he is, of course, deserving of all praise. But if he is not handicapped in this respect, and rises above his fellow-men just by what may be called "bull-headed luck;" if he can cajole the widow and the orphan with a mind unbridled by this prehistoric incubus, he should not be praised. The credit is n't his. He does n't deserve a blue ribbon.

On our estimate of successful men, therefore, we are always groping around in the dark. We never know how much conscience a man had to begin with, and consequently how much credit he is really entitled to.

If he points with pride to the fact that he has robbed an institution without being thrown into jail, has formed a trust and evaded the law by the power of the pocket-book over politicians, or has spread abroad a false gospel at a large profit, we are too prone to fall at his feet and worship him. What we really ought to ask is just how much conscience he had to contend against, and with what sublime courage he has overmastered it. Then the real measure of his power would be more evident to our dull minds.

A certain misleading document has declared that all men are born equal, but the fact is that some have consciences and some have not.

To have descended from a long line of Puritan ancestors, who have handed down to one a kind of cumulative composite conscience, might be a great help in breaking open a bank, for this sort of thing takes a stern courage, and one might feel all the time that he was performing a noble work in getting ahead of the directors; but to have a well-developed conscience like this to contend against when one is engaged in a long series of financial operations which require delicacy and finesse is a serious matter. And just at the psychological moment many a man has fallen by the wayside, just because his conscience unmanned him.

What we need is a school for the elimination of conscience. The future is ours, if we can but rid ourselves of that souvenir of the past.

Nevertheless, to those who possess it in large measure, there is still much of promise. In almost every walk of life we will find willing hands to aid us in our struggle against conscience.

And if we falter and wonder if at times we shall really have the courage to proceed, let us still remain inspired by the examples of those around us, remembering that if we stand firm, conscience may depart at any moment, leaving us to pursue our high twentieth century ideals with untrammeled ambition.

Tom Masson.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

THE INSPECTOR.—But, Madam, this ought to pay duty.

THE NOVICE.—Well, you see, I 'm so inexperienced in these matters. Can't you tell me how to get it through?

DOUBT.

THE ELEPHANT.—Looks like picking up money, does n't it?

THE OSTRICH.—Yes; but I 'm afraid that 's what it looks like to the gentleman that 's running the game!

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BRYAN AND HIS MEGAPHONE.

THAT AN unseen force, a silent but powerful influence, is constantly at work on the destinies of men, many estimable persons believe. Occasionally, also, there is an event so striking, or of such undoubted significance, that the power of the unseen is emphasized anew. And in manner most convincing. Of recent manifestations, by far the most notable occurred this month when, at a county fair in Illinois, the megaphone, the telephone and William Jennings Bryan were subtly brought together. The value of both megaphone and telephone as allies of vocal effort is too well known to need exploitation. Their fame is secure. But unaided by the human voice, each is mute and helpless. Considering Mr. Bryan alone, it has been evident for some time that a megaphone was what he needed most. And now to see such affinities merged, with a sympathetic telephone thrown in, is overwhelming proof that their destinies are of one make. Mr. Bryan, talking to the telephone, spoke through the megaphone, so that not only those on the distant wire heard, but men around him likewise listened and comprehended. It was beautifully done and quite the feature of the fair. But despite the kindliness of destiny, we imagine it to be futile. If he continues using the megaphone, as doubtless he expects to, Mr. Bryan will commit himself to the theory that what the public will not accept if uttered in tones of conversational strength, it will joyously receive and sanction when the yell is used. This is a false assumption and one only persisted in by fractious small boys. Beside, it is true that, although Mr. Bryan will make more noise with a megaphone than without, not even a full grand-opera chorus, armed with unlimited twenty-inch megaphones, could cry Free Silver, Populism and Bryanism loud enough to convert the country. We wish Mr. Bryan every success in his future experiments, whether they be conducted at county fairs or elsewhere, but we cannot withold the opinion, sincerely expressed, that unless one has something new to say, a megaphone is a hinderance, not a help.

THE RIGHT TO DISCHARGE.

THE RECENT decision in the coal fields that an employer has the right to discharge was a surprise to no one but the miners who disputed it. Of course, according to the best theorists, it is a crying shame that one man's livelihood should ever depend, no matter how slight the degree, upon another man's will or condition of affairs, the world having been made for all alike; but we fear it would take more than one decision in the coal fields to effect an even apportionment and relegate employer to the list of obsolete words. So, for a while at least, the employer will remain. And as long as he holds the right to employ, he will likewise possess the right to discharge. The man who sells apples from door to door may feel aggrieved when a former purchaser declines to buy again, but he is not apt to dispute the customer's right to refuse, nor is he likely to demand arbitration. Perhaps the customer has enough apples; perhaps he cannot afford to buy more; perhaps, again, he is about to close up house and has no desire to be burdened with apples. But whatever the cause, no one questions his right to refuse, not even the fruit-vender. But the labor-vender does question. The employer may have labor enough; he may have more men, in fact, than he can keep busy; or the labor he is offered may be of inferior stock, but there is no yielding. He must buy anyway. The labor-vender may refuse to sell to him; that right he reserves and exercises in strikes. But once the employer starts buying, he must never cease. Altogether, it is marvelous formula. Under it, no employer could wind up his business and retire, because by so doing, he would have to discharge his entire force.

AS TO A LOCAL INDUSTRY.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by Mr. Guggenheimer of Richard Croker's American intentions was not without a certain interest. To be sure, there is a trace of antiquity in the report that Mr. Croker delights in his life at Wantage; and in the lively details about butter, cheese and milk; but no such element appears in the news of the Croker home-coming. It was an off-hand remark that Mr. Guggenheimer made. Mr. Croker is coming home—after election, perhaps—and on "strictly private" business. Thus by one brief sentence, is the city first roused, then quieted. Mr. Croker is coming home;—Horrors! But on private business;—Ah! Those only are skeptical who associate Mr. Croker's personality with graft and they are suspicious by nature. By the liberal minded, Mr. Croker's private business is seen to be extensive and one he might well feel forced to inspect. No business can run itself and Mr. Croker has been absent from his for nearly two years—a long gap. A glance at the list of his private interests will readily demonstrate to any one the attention they require, if each is to yield its full measure of profit. Mr. Croker's private interests include, as a rule, the Mayor's office, the Finance Department, the Law Department, the Tax and Assessment Bureau, the Dock Board, the Health Board, the Departments of Building, Street Cleaning, Public Works, Bridges, Water, Sewers, Highways, beside a bewildering array of minor off-shoots, all demanding personal supervision. Therefore, let us be reasonable. If Mr. Croker soon returns, it will be but a sign of his business acumen. No man of means can leave his interests in other hands and feel wholly at ease. Mr. Croker's interests having been in other hands for quite a period, it is inconceivable that Mr. Croker can feel wholly at ease. Hence, should he come back, it will be just as Mr. Guggenheimer has said; on strictly private business.

WHY THE JOURNEY WAS SHORTENED.

MR. OLDBEAU *(about to go on a journey)*.—Now, darling, I want you to try to not worry while I am away.

HIS YOUNG WIFE *(thoughtlessly)*.—I 'll try my very best not to, dear, but you know how foolish we women sometimes are!

THE POWER BEHIND TH

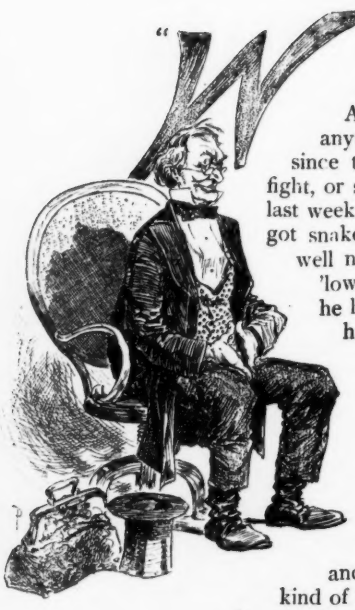
THE DEMOCRATIC FARMER.—If *that* does n't keep him out,

J.OTTMANN LITH.CO.PUCK BLDG.N.Y.

BEHIND THE SCARE-CROW.

es n't keep him out, I 've got something here that 'll fix him.

ALL PARTIES SURPRISED.



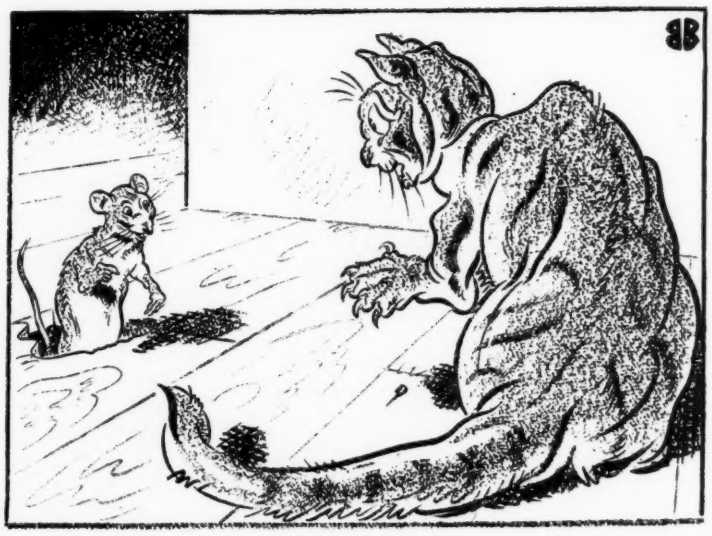
"WELL, NO," said the loosely-coupled, matter-of-fact gentleman from 'Possum Trot, who had percolated into the sanctum of the able editor of the Polkville, Ark., *Weekly Clarion*, "I 'd know as there 's anything of importance goin' on, out my way, since the tar-and-featherin'. B'lieve there was a fight, or something that-a-way, at the camp-meetin', last week; but it did n't amount to nothin'. A lady got snake-bit in the heel at singin'-school, but she 's well now; and I understand that a certain feller 'lows he 's due to shoot me at sight, but I notice he hain't done it yet, and nothin' is news till it happens. No, I don't reckon there 's anything of interest.—Come to think about it, though, mebby you hain't heard about the surprise party at Hob Splann's? Say you hain't? Much obliged!

"It was like this: Hob's wife had been a-peckin' at him and a-peckin' at him to git him some new clothes before the presidin' Elder got around again. Hob kept tellin' her that he could n't afford it, and that a man's soul was n't judged by the kind of raiment that happened to be pulled on over it, and all such as that,—but you know how women-folks is, that-a-way; tellin' 'em don't 'pear to convince 'em none. So, finally, when he went to town and sold a passel of stuff at a better price than he expected, he decided to buy him a new suit of clothes and surprise his wife. Well, then, on the way home, after it had got dark, he figgered to himself that he would make the surprise more complete by comin' home with the new suit on. Accordin', he stopped his team on the bridge and pulled off his old clothes, and, sorter to do the job up right while he was at it, he just flung the old suit into the creek. Then he reached back for the bundle of new clothes; but, alas, as they say in stories, the tail-gate of the wagon was gone and the bundle had jounced out long ago. And the night was n't so durned warm, either.

"After he got home, and just as he was reachin' out for the door-latch, four or five of his faithful dogs, who figgered that they recognized him in spite of the darkness, but wanted to be certain about it before they said anything, sneaked up and dabbed their cold noses against various portions of his person. Suspectin' that he had been unanimously snake-bit, or something of the kind, poor Hob gave a terrible Hooraw, boolged headlong into the house, and jumped right up onto the table, without stoppin' to notice that it was already groanin' with good things, as the sayin' goes. Then he turned around to sorter face the snakes, instead of which he found himself face to face with a large number of his friends and neighbors, who had dropped in to spring a surprise party on him, on account of its bein' his birthday, which, I am sorry to say, he had forgotten till then, and had all fell into position to surprise him when they heard the wagon drive up.

"Eh-yah! There was a surprise party, all right enough; but I hain't been able to figger it out yet to my entire satisfaction, whether the surprise party was really the surprise party, or Hob was the surprise party and the surprise party was the surprised party. Well, I must be goin'. Looks sorter like rain, off to the northeast don't it?"

Tom P. Morgan.



INADVERTANT.

THE CAT.—This is the anniversary of the day on which I lost my first husband.

THE RAT (*absent-mindedly*)—Is it? I wish you many happy returns of the day!

EXPLAINED.

"Miss Singleton is interested in fencing, is she?"

"Why, yes. I think it is her nearest approach to an affair of the heart."

THE SHOCK.

CUSTOMER.—It's not so very shocking, for a bathing suit.

MODISTE.—Oh, no!

CUSTOMER.—Can't you—that is, increase the—er—voltage just a bit?

PLENTY of brass in bell-metal seems to help the ringing qualities.

PEOPLE WHO have no aspirations beyond making hay while the sun shines seem particularly liable to hay-fever.

The trouble about never offending people is that it leaves most of them unconscious of your existence.

VILLANELLE.

LOVE KNOCKS at my heart to-day,
Begging me for warmth and cheer,
Should I bid him go away?

Sweet his smile as rose of May,
And his laughter silver-clear.
Love knocks at my heart to-day.

Lonely are my twilights gray,
Empty is my house and drear—
Should I bid him go away?

Now a wistful song and gay,
Low he murmurs in my ear.
Love knocks at my heart to-day.

Ah! I know what I would say—
Yet I tremble—is it fear?
Should I bid him go away?

Wisdom, at thy shrine I pray—
Though, but seeking for a tear,
Love knocks at my heart to-day—
Should I bid him go away?

Charlotte Becker.

FELT SAFE WHEN HE WAS N'T.

MRS. COBWIGGER.—How is it you have lately brought home so many bad reports from school for being mischievous?

FREDDIE.—The new teacher is cross-eyed.

DRINKING.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes!" he sang, beneath her casement.

"I wonder if I need my glasses?" pondered the maiden, as she attired herself to go down.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

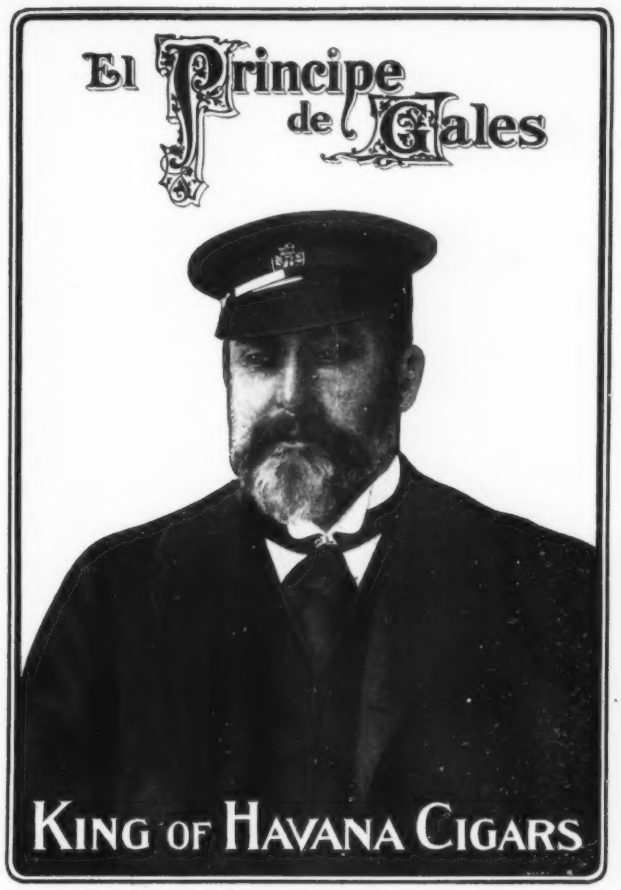
When she sang, with expression, an aria,
The fellow was only made charier.
"Bravo!" he cried,
But added, aside:
"I don't think I 'd quite like to marry her!"

HIS AMPLE REASON.

CONVICT.—Yes, lady; when I gets out I 'm goin' ter try an' git inter good serciety!

VISITOR.—You are?

CONVICT.—Yes'm; I 'm sick o' being called a thief instead uv a kleptomaniac!



A DIFFICULTY.

"Do you enjoy going to the theatre?"

"Very much," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The only thing that worries me in connection with the drama is the task of finding something I really enjoy sufficiently high priced to suit mother and the girls."—*Washington Star.*

OF EARLIER ORIGIN.

CHOLLY.—I tell you I keep a sharp lookout for automobiles whenevah I cwoss the stweet now.

MISS PEPPREY.—Why?

CHOLLY.—O, did n't you hear about it? One of them knocked me silly.

MISS PEPPREY.—Nonsense! Automobiles were n't invented that long ago.—*Philadelphia Press.*

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

Dar' may be sunthin' in de theory of transmigrashun, but I see no occashun to worry ober de matter. Should any of us be turned into a dawg in a fucher state I hev no doubt dat bones will continer to be as plentiful as eber.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BROTHER DICKEY says: "De sayin' is—'Take de bull by de horns, but dat 's des 'bout ez safe a maxim ez de one what advises you ter take de mule by de heels!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

OMINOUS.

The farmers threaten to create
A corner to control the wheat;
In which event the old cross road
For terrors will have Wall street beat.
— *Washington Star.*

Established 1823.

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That's All!

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THE more of a pup the more dogmatic it is apt to be.—*Ram's Horn.*

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"It 's worse than that, my boy, for when a man draws a prize it frequently costs him all he 's got.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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LEADING LADY.—Why did n't you put my flowers on the stage?

STAGE MANAGER.—I was afraid they might be frost-bitten.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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That "good intentions never die,"
We have n't any doubt.
Perhaps that is the reason why
They 're seldom carried out.
— *Philadelphia Press.*

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RIPANS TABULES are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heart burn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by RIPANS TABULES. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

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PASSERBY.—Well, well! Have you been getting a licking, little man?

LITTLE MAN.—You called de turn, stranger! Foist de Jones kid he licked me, den Ma licked me fer fightin', den wen Pa came home he licked me fer losin' to de Jones kid!"—*Boston Post.*

A LITTLE RUSE.

MRS. WITHERLY.—I bought this rug for the baby to play on.

WITHERLY.—Well, don't let her know it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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The home of the most renowned of all tonics, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. All druggists and grocers.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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MANY a reform has failed because it put all its steam into resolutions and saved none for the rascals.—*Ram's Horn.*

"EF de worl' comes ter a end next winter," said Brother Dickey, "what a great savin' it 'll be ter some er dese sinners what won't be able ter buy coal!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CACTUS CAL.—What makes you despise that long-legged fellow with the Dubbs' outfit? I hear you an' him can't get on nohow.

BAD BOB.—Despise him? Why, say, the chump can't shoot for sour apples. He 's missed me four times.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

CHURCH.—I suppose the tradesmen coming to the house for orders wore that path in the grass?

FLATBUSH.—No; our cat did that. We 've given her away so many, many times, and she 's worn that path coming back.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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IT FRIGHTENED HIM.

"So you say the engagement is broken off?"

"Yes—she was imprudent enough one day to tell him what she paid her dressmaker per annum."—*John Bull.*

COMPLIMENT.

"To me," he cried, "you are as beautiful as you think you are!"

Foolish thing that she should believe him.

But what girl is there, alas! whose head is not to be turned by a compliment, if it be sufficiently great; who does not forget, even in the moment of moments when it behooves her to remember, that men are liars?

IN OUR mind, a fat horse is always associated with a good farmer. —*Atchison Globe.*

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

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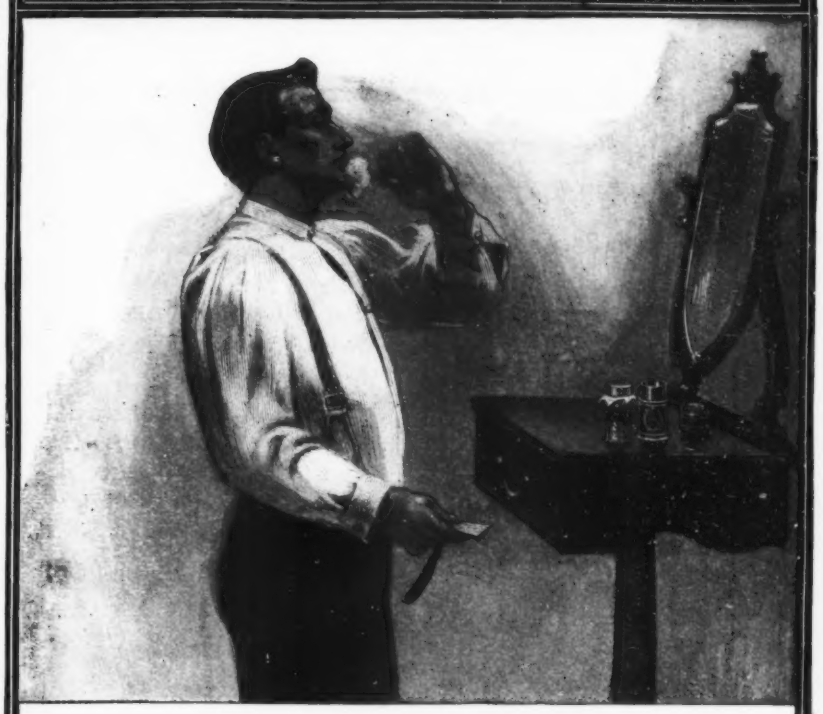

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"DE PO' man cries en de Lawd hears him," says Brother Dickey; "but sometimes he cries so loud dat he distracts de angels!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Beside purity, there's nothing more important in beer than the yeast.

We experimented for years to get a yeast that was right — a yeast that would give a better flavor than any other beer had.

When we got it we saved the mother cells. And all the yeast used in Schlitz Beer from that time, and forever, is developed from those original cells.

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Drinking Schlitz Beer means drinking good health.

Not another beverage which you drink is so carefully made. We even filter all the air that touches it, and sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

Yet the price of common beer buys it.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

An Anticipated Tête-à-Tête.

"Are you going to the matinee?"

"Of course; Julia and I want a good, cozy place to tell each other all our summer experiences."—*Detroit Free Press.*

News from Home.

First Tourist *(from South America)*.—I just got a letter from home. They have had two wars and a revolution since we left.

Second Tourist.—Anybody hurt?—*New York Weekly.*

A Pampered Ambition.

"That boy says his only ambition is to make a living without working."

"What are his parents going to do for him?"

"Make a politician out of him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Prudent Preference.

The man with unbounded curiosity had just been introduced to the celebrated pugilist.

"Where would you rather be hit?" he asked; "on the point of the jaw or over the solar plexus?"

"Solar plexus," was the prompt reply. "It is n't so likely to incapacitate you for going on the stage and telling funny stories."—*Washington Star.*

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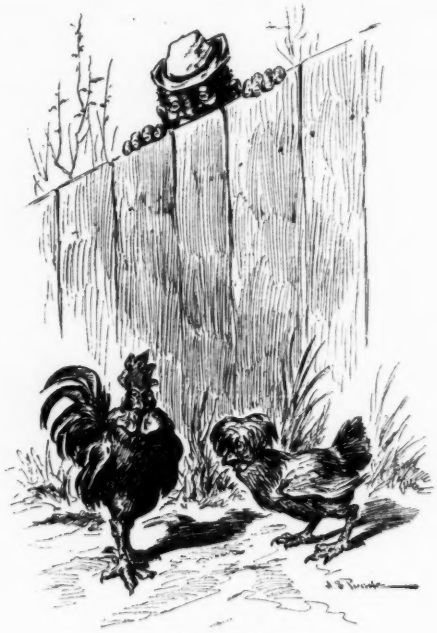

REFORM.

The Rooster.—Dear me! I do wish Booker T. Washington would educate his people to become vegetarians!

An American Father.

Neighbor.—Now that you have succeeded in givin' y'r sons and daughters a college edication, what are yeh goin' to do next?

Mr. Wayback.—Wal, I dunno, but I 've been thinkin' I 'd better move out of town so I won't disgrace 'em.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

The Only Qualification.

"Where is the old man?"

"Goin' to school."

"What! At his age?"

"Yes; you see they 're a-goin' to run him fer office, an' he wants to larn how to count!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Nap of the Coat.

"O, my," murmured the Fall overcoat, stirring uneasily in the clothes-chest, "I certainly did have a good nap."

"Which you ain't got it now," snickered the fat moth sitting on a camphor ball, near by. "'Cause I ate most of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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It Fits. Does Not Chafe.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

Alice and Laura.

"Those rude men."

"Did they stare?"

"No; they never looked at us."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Nickname.

"What is that nickname you have given your boy?"

"Flyin' Machine," answered Farmer Corntossel. "You see, he 's mighty interestin' an' promisin', but he won't work."—*Washington Star.*

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After a falsehood has been accepted twenty years by the people, without general protest, it gets into the school books.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A married man who tries to flirt, is about as ridiculous as a woman who tries to be coy after she has reached the double-chin period. — *Atchison Globe.*

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meeting National Bankers' Association.

On account of the meeting of the National Bankers' Association, to be held at San Francisco, Cal., October 20 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally-conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

This tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, Wednesday, October 14, by special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment. A quick run westward to San Francisco will be made, via Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Ogden.

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Rates from Pittsburg will be $5.00 less.

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THE CODE.

"He 's goin' to speak to us, ain't he, Mame?"

"Well, I should hope so. In cases of flirtin' it 's etterquette fer de man to speak first."

Not Complimentary.

"I sent your wife a copy of my novel, 'Nine Points of the Law.' How did it impress her?" asked the author.

"Well," replied Henry Peck, "she seemed to handle it like any other law. She was forever laying it down."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Many a man who will warm up recommending his favorite cough cure will cool off considerably when he gets around to his religion.—*Ram's Horn.*

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It is extremely encouraging to hear a Georgia editor exclaim: "We are going to make a living out of this paper if we perish in the attempt!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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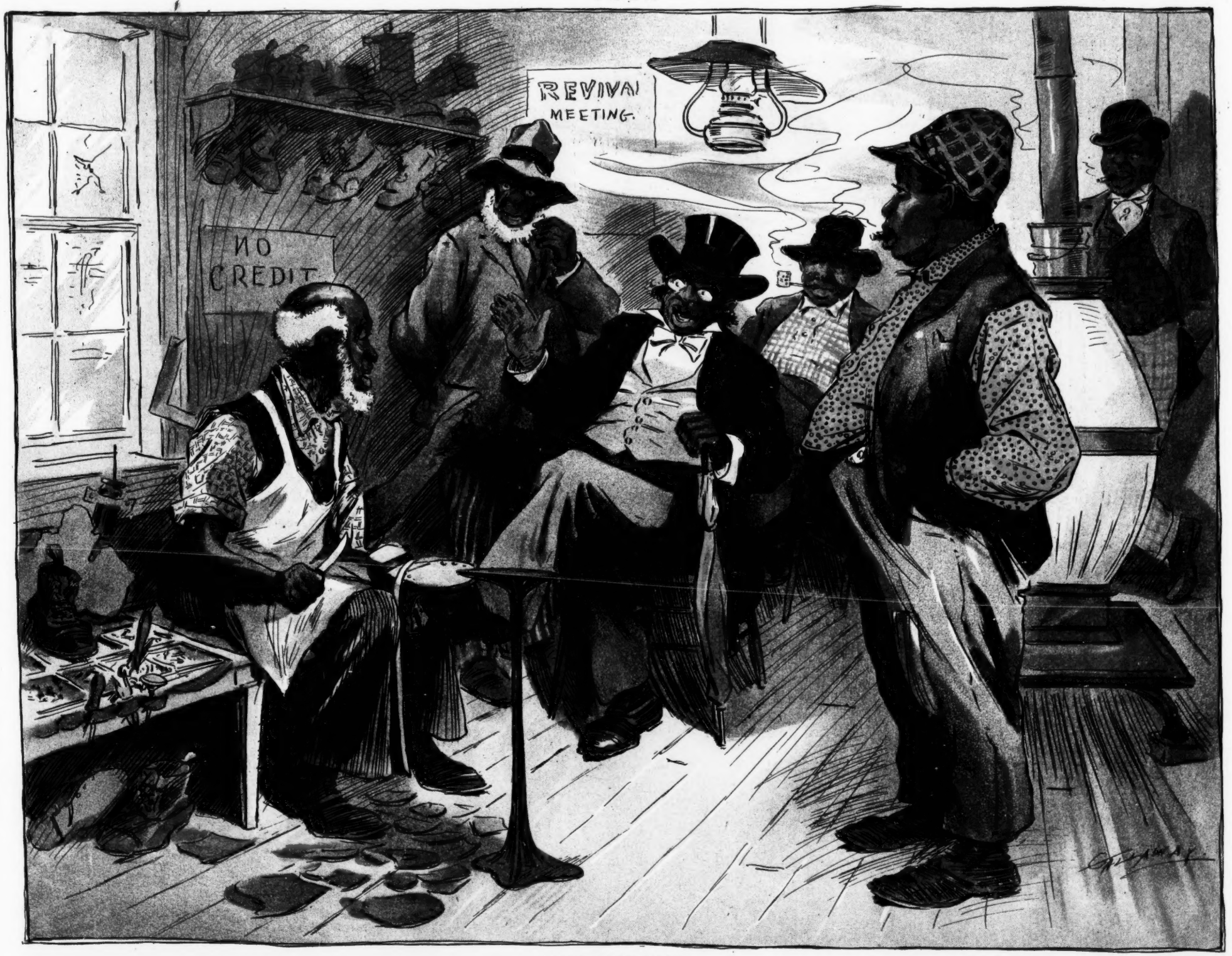

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THE CLERGYMAN. — Wal, we mus' expec' some backsliders. Some folks' 'ligion 'll wear out jes' like dere shoes.
THE SHOEMAKER. — Yais; an' if dere shoes wore out as quick as dere 'ligion, dey 'd putty soon look for another shoemaker!